

thank god you see me the way you do by LazyBaker

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Summary:

Five times Billy has had sex and one time he made love.

thank god you see me the way you do

1.

1981

Billy is fourteen years old when he gets his dick sucked for the first time.

It's been six days since his mom died. Two days since her funeral. Three hours since Neil slammed him against a wall. His teeth had rattled. He'd been lifted off his feet. There's a red handprint around his neck and a Billy-shaped dent in his bedroom wall.

Neil had slammed Billy's bedroom door shut on his way out. Billy had slid to the floor and had stared at the dent through bleary eyes and saw exactly how the next four years were going to go.

Neil is strong. He hadn't realized it before, but Neil is *fucking strong* and Billy is just a scrawny kid getting scrawnier everyday because his growth spurts are outracing everything else.

He steals one of his mom's pills. Little white circles. Walks down to the beach. By the time he gets there his back doesn't hurt. His head doesn't hurt. *He feels good* and he hasn't felt good since his mom had gotten in that hospital bed and he knew she wasn't going to be getting back out of it.

Rafael Juarez lives three doors down and is a year older than him. Bushy eyebrows with big green eyes and easy to make smile. He's one of the few people who are nice to Billy and who Billy actively wants and tries to be nice back to.

Rafael smells like salt and his skin is *so warm* and it's dooms day for Billy to see him on the beach, sitting in the sand with his surfboard propped up next to him, shirtless and handsome—acne and barely there mustache above his upper lip and all—and shining in the sun for Billy to go up to him, sink his knees into the sand and kiss him.

They kiss and they kiss and Rafael has a girlfriend, but he likes Billy

too and Billy is okay with that. After tomorrow he won't see Rafael again and Neil will have him by the scruff of his neck for the next four years and right now Billy isn't so sure he's going to survive that. Billy just wants to kiss and *feel good* just for the next little while.

And Rafael gets that. He has bruises that match Billy's. He *knows*. So he kisses Billy and Billy kisses him back. Soft and a little messy. Billy is in love with Rafael's fat bottom lip.

They go under the pier. The tide hasn't come in and they're the only ones there. He slips in the wet sand, Rafael catches him under the arm. Gives the top of his head a kiss and Billy nearly cries.

The metal wrapped around the base of the wooden beams is cool on Billy's back and Rafael's mouth is hot, kissing at his stomach while his hands pull down Billy's shorts. It's amazing and so fucking wet and Rafael is practically grinning around Billy's cock. Teeth bright and white against the fragile, pink skin.

He lasts all of two heaving, startled breaths and slick sucks and Rafael spits it into the ocean. He kisses Billy, lips ghosting against his and tells him to '*stay sweet*' tasting like salt.

2.

1983

The bar's called *Pixie's* and it's in West Hollywood. They don't ID, which is why Billy's here. To get drunk and find someone to fuck around with for the next few hours.

The guy looks like Neil. Same age. Same size. Same walk. Same military man bullshit Billy can spot across state lines. Billy's first reaction to the guy pulling up the seat next to him at the bar is borderline terror, but Billy looks again and the guy's hair is darker and his eyes are kinder. Not glaring and muttering '*goddamn faggots*' at the men making out and grinding against each other around them.

The music is loud and the bass steadies his heart when the guy puts his hand on Billy's thigh, high up and miles away from his knee. If

Billy didn't hate Neil as much as he did, if his head wasn't as fucked as it is, maybe if he had less to drink, Billy would tell the guy to fuck off or feel anything other than hot and ready.

Billy finishes off his beer, slams it down on the counter, and tugs that hand higher, the guy cups him right there and he's looking at Billy like Billy is one of a kind and something special and not a piece of shit that should've died instead of his mom.

It's the easiest thing to go back to this guy's motel room. Peeling wallpaper. Stale, musty air. A mattress that's seen decades worth of bodies slapping together in good and bad ways. Thinks he could get murdered, but he doesn't leave. Whatever chance there is, it's still better than being back with Neil right now.

The guy tells him his name at some point, but Billy doesn't listen. All that matters is the guy is clean and he's got a hard-on for Billy and between them they have enough condoms and lube for a week.

But he's gentle and it's fucking *weird*. The men Billy has hooked up with like to be quick, get to the orgasm like it's the whole damn point. And it is. Billy had always thought that way too. Get off and get out. Don't fucking waste his time with this faux-romance crock. He's not going to be fooled by it. He doesn't want anything to do with it.

The guy doesn't let up though. He kisses Billy slowly and no matter how many times Billy tries to push, to rush, the guy slows it back down, hands cupping Billy's jaw or lightly tugging at his hair—fucking *caressing* Billy as he uses his tongue to make Billy's knees wobble and for him to clutch at the man's back as he's lowered to the bed.

The feel of the scratchy sheets snaps something in Billy. He's never fucked anyone in a bed and it makes Billy need to push one more time for something rough, to get this guy to call him a fag before fucking him from behind and yanking his head back by the hair and croon at the feeling of his boycunt twitching around him. Make Billy drip with shame. Get him off fast and without any sincerity. Hurt him and fuck him and leave him.

So he rolls them over, gets his hands on the guy's cock and swallows him down until his lips are at the base and his nose is buried in the guy's pubes, sucks him off as filthy as he can, lets his spit run, gets his eyes to water as he looks up and through his blurred vision can see a man who could be his dad and his stomach twists and his cock is fucking *throbbing*—he's desperate to feel fucked in every way.

The guy stops him though. He puts his hands on either side of Billy's head and pulls him off. Tells Billy to slow down, runs his fingers through Billy's hair in the sweetest way that sends shivers down his back and has his cock leaking against the sheets of the bed.

Billy goes with it then. Slows down. Licks and suckles at the head, bats his fucking eyes, and every time the guy tells him he's *doing so good* and he *looks so beautiful* and *how are you real* Billy gets lightheaded and flushed and that much closer to coming undone without a hand on him.

He takes the tender touches and the looks and the honeyed words and soaks them up, stores them away for the next time Neil gets pissy and Billy needs a reminder that there's a light at the end of his shitshow for a family.

The guy rubs Billy's ear, under his eye, says '*you precious thing*' in a voice that's familiar and fucking means it somehow and it drives Billy insane. He lets the guy come all over his face and his hair—he'd spent nearly an hour getting everything just right and now he doesn't even mind. Likes how the guy is looking at him too much, studying his swollen lips and eyelashes dripping with cum. Hates it all just as much too.

The guy pulls him up onto his lap, wraps his strong arms around Billy, holds him, and kisses him. Squeezes his ass with both hands. Whispers into Billy's ear that he's *good, good, good, doing so damn good* as Billy ruts too earnestly and with fucking tears in his eyes against the guy's stomach. Gets jizz in his mustache that Billy fucking cleans up with his tongue because he *likes* being called *good* like some dumbshit eager to please virgin by a man like this—a decent, sweet man he doesn't want to know the name of—someone who Neil never could be.

3.

1984

Beating the shit out of Steve Harrington has somehow morphed into being more awkward than when Billy has to make up some excuse not to fuck his weekly cover chick and the chick is on his lap, soaking through the leg of his jeans, and just not getting it.

Billy tries to ignore him. For three days he manages to keep his mouth shut. Nothing about his Daddy's boy BMW. Nothing about his mashed up face and shitty fighting technique. Not one word about Max and the shitheads she hangs out with. Doesn't go near him during practice and if he has to, he makes damn sure not to even touch his shirt.

He keeps his lips tight and looks the other way when it comes to *Harrington*.

Except Harrington is always looking at him like it took Billy pounding his face in for the guy to fucking *notice* him—and that's the kind of fucked up Billy can usually get into, but Billy doesn't chase straight boys, knows better than to die on that hill, and as far as Harrington goes Billy has no damn idea where he lands until he does.

There are stalls in the locker room. They do fuck all for privacy with the door practically floating in the air the gaps are so big. No one uses them. If someone does, it's a conversation with half the locker room and the coach.

It's after practice. Billy's showered as far away from Harrington as he could, though it doesn't stop him from looking passed the flat asses and dumbasses to spot what he can of the shapely fucker that Harrington is.

The locker room empties. Billy is doing his hair in the mirror over the sink when Harrington grabs his arm and pulls him into one of the stalls, pushes him against the door, yanks Billy's towel off and gives him a once-over like he knows what to do with another guy's dick.

Billy holds himself still. Doesn't let himself fidget. Let's Harrington look all he wants.

It doesn't take much to get Billy hard and Harrington just has to look at him like that—pissed off and determined—for Billy to turn to steel that's hard enough to pound through cement. He leans against the door. Knows he looks fucking *amazing* and waits for Harrington to do whatever the hell he wants with him.

"You know you're an asshole, right?" Harrington says.

"From birth, bitch."

"God, you're the worst." Harrington braces his hands on the door beside Billy and there's a flash where Billy thinks he's going to lean in and kiss him and his heart catches—but then Harrington kneels.

If it were an apology, Billy would be the one on his knees with a dick down his throat. But it isn't. The only time Billy can manage to say the word '*sorry*' is when Neil makes him and he's so fucking done with apologizing. If he ever has to say it again it'll be right before he bashes Neil's face in with a dumbbell and he sure as fuck won't mean it.

Billy's head slams against the metal door and the pain at the back of his skull is the only thing keeping him from coming at the first touch of Harrington's lips. A little shy at first, mouthing at the head likes he's kissing it, but then there's his tongue at his slit and Billy's balls are about ready to fire off.

He's got one ear listening for anyone coming towards them and the other focused on the soft, slick suck of Harrington's lips. He's jerked off to this exact image a million times since he met Harrington and to see him now—bruised and blackened and swollen and split open all because of him—Billy's hands shake at his sides and he knows if he touches Harrington it'll give him away, so he keeps his hands to himself and just *looks* and memorizes how Harrington can be so annoyed and flustered with a dick making a mess out of his mouth.

Harrington chokes, gags a few times when he takes Billy deeper, but he keeps trying, dripping saliva all over the floor, eyebrows furrowed

together concentrating on his cocksucking and only manages to look up and meet Billy's eyes a few times, glaring hotly up at him.

It's a wreck of a blowjob. Harrington doesn't know what to do with his hands and keeps them pinned to Billy's hips. He's scraping his teeth when he tries to get more of Billy stuffed inside of him. There's no rhythm. It's the best fucking thing Billy has ever felt in his life and he shoves at Harrington's shoulder, pulls out of his mouth—thick ropes of spit connect his dick to those abused lips—and jerks himself off. Bites his fist as he comes thick all over Harrington, presses his cock head against Harrington's cheek and watches his jizz splatter all over his pretty boy face, into his cuts and over his bruises.

He's milking his cock dry, getting every drop he can onto Harrington and Harrington is rubbing his thumbs into Billy's hips, letting him.

"Holy shit." Billy says when he can.

Harrington keeps looking up at him, towel tented, ropes of cum dripping down his face, and licks his lips—his nose scrunches up at the taste and Billy can't not laugh.

"You got something on your face there, Harrington."

Harrington rolls his eyes at him. It's a thing of beauty. Billy wants to come on his face every day.

4.

1984

Steve's parents are having their annual *New Years Bash*—a rich fucker's party that had Billy rolling his eyes at the kind of cars parked on the street, knowing exactly the type of people they belong to and who actually goes to one of these things.

He flirts with Steve's mother when she opens the door. They've met a handful of times and Billy has yet to get her to the stammering and blustered state he likes when it comes to mothers. Steve is giving him a hard stare and makes threatening motions behind her back to make

him stop before grabbing him by the shoulders and steering him away—how it goes every time Billy is over and Steve’s parents are home and they can’t just fuck right where Mrs. Harrington is sipping her champagne being unimpressed with Steve’s choice of ‘*friends*’—ushering him upstairs with two hands pushing at his back, away from the party and the snobby guests.

Billy’s barely on the second floor for more than a few seconds before he’s tugging at Steve for a kiss and pulling at Steve’s dumb, adorable pink polo shirt and at his belt buckle, cupping him through his jeans because he’s been thinking about Steve’s big dick all day and all the things he can do to Billy with it.

Steve is laughing against his lips, both pulling Billy closer and patting at his chest to get him to stop, to slow down. He leans back from the kiss and Billy follows, his lips landing on his neck and that’s just as good a place to be too.

“Stop, stop, stop—someone might see us. My room’s literally four feet away, dickhead.” Steve says, walking them backwards and Billy nips at him. Wants to eat him right there. They stumble for a minute into a wall and Billy’s got Steve’s leg hiked up around his hip and they’re grinding against each other and if it were possible Billy would fuck him right there, slide right into him and breed him—no rubber or lube, just spit and willpower and Steve’s fucked out hole all for him.

But Billy’s got plans and stops with a wicked grin on his lips, picks up Steve’s other leg so he’s carrying him—*jesus fucking christ he’s heavy as shit*—and starts walking away from Steve’s room to the other end of the hallway where Mr. and Mrs. Harrington’s bedroom is.

Steve’s arms are wrapped around his neck and he starts to squirm once he figures out what Billy’s doing. His face is electric. He’s gone beet red and bug eyed.

“Are you joking?”

“I’d never joke about this.” Billy pants out.

There are coats on the bed. Billy dumps Steve on top of them and closes the door. All Billy cares to look at is the king-size bed with a

floral print duvet that costs more than his camaro and Steve kneeling on top of it.

Steve is halfway off the bed, eyes whirling around the room nervously.

“What if someone walks in on us—we *have their coats*.”

“Dude, it’s an hour before midnight, no one’s fucking leaving now. Chill.” Billy says and gets his belt undone, kicks his shoes off, and shoves his jeans down—he hadn’t worn any underwear. Steve is cursing, legs spread wide and leaning back on the bed watching Billy with his hard-on pressed up against his zipper, nerves fading when Billy straddles his lap, pries Steve’s hands away from the coats and puts them on his ass.

“What if we make a mess?” Steve says, biting his lip.

Billy rubs his dick against Steve’s shirt, gets a good wet spot going as an answer and Steve keeps chewing at his lip. Billy rolls his eyes and says, “we won’t, okay? We’ll keep it nice and clean for mommy and daddy.”

“Fuck off.” Steve says without any heat and pinches Billy’s ass—which is exactly where Billy wants to go, so he rolls his hips and get’s a rhythm going, gets Steve panting, gets him moving along with Billy’s hips—his jeans a rough texture on Billy’s dick and balls, the hard seam over the zipper rubbing him *just right*.

There’s music playing downstairs. People are singing and laughing and cheering the end of the year. Billy is close to blowing his load and he wonders if he can time it right and get Steve to fuck his mouth and come down his throat at midnight without Steve getting all prissy about it.

“Did you bring the—the stuff?” Steve is groaning in his ear. He can’t seem to ever say ‘*lube*’ as though he isn’t on friendly terms with Billy’s ass and he’s never eaten him out daily for a solid week in the back of his BMW.

“Don’t need it.” Billy says into Steve’s hair—he smells like sweat and

soap and that musky heat when fucking becomes inevitable.

Steve knows what to do from there, he doesn't hesitate to grab and spread Billy's ass and touch with his fingers.

"Fuck, fucking fuck." Steve says, looking up at Billy with a lot more than just *'I like screwing you'* and shining eyes and swollen red lips hanging open in shock. Billy has half a second to feel smug before the flustered heat warms up his heart and his chest starts feeling too big and too small all at once.

Steve doesn't stop looking at him like he's *goddamn special* when he pushes two fingers inside of Billy, the squelch of lube making his toes curl—he's soaking wet, fucked loose on his own hand in his camaro five minutes before he drove up to Steve's. He hides his lube in a secret compartment in the trunk. Neil is a damn bloodhound in the house when it comes to Billy getting fucked.

Steve fingers him, has half his hand inside of Billy, rubbing and rubbing and fucking *rubbing* at Billy's prostate without missing it once. Billy's hiding his face in Steve's neck, thighs trembling, his whole fucking body a shaking coil, tense and ready and he has to force himself to let go of Steve's shirt and his hair finger by finger and fumble with Steve's belt, get his zipper the fuck down and bring out that fat leviathan that's been pressing up against him.

They fuck too loudly and Billy's paranoia is an annoying voice in the back of his head as Steve pushes inside of him and uses Billy's ass to grab hold of and fuck Billy up and down his thick cock, Billy meeting every thrust with a hard grind of his own. Biting down on his bottom lip to keep quiet.

Billy is lost to the sensation of Steve huge and inside of him soon enough, kisses Steve with as much focus as he can and groans when he fucks his mouth with his tongue too. At some point Steve pulls Billy's shirt off to get to his nipples—and Steve knows exactly how to work Billy's chest the way he needs him to.

"Can I come in you?" Steve says. He always asks first and Billy always says yes. He's too sweet. Too good of a guy for someone like Billy who has days when he wants to be drenched in Steve's jizz and

pissed on like some cock hungry slut.

Steve's too fucking *good* for him.

Billy nods against Steve's neck, kisses him behind his ear and clutches at Steve's back when Steve rolls them over, holds him by his hips and pounds into him. Billy braces himself, grasps at the coats and comes from the force of it. This is the only time Steve is aggressive all on his own, fucking Billy as just some hole to put his dick into and use and Billy fucking thrives from it, shoots off so hard he gets cum on his cheek.

Steve stills on top of him, making a half-whine half-groaning sound, dick pulsing miles up inside of Billy, grinding his hips against his ass. Tries to get as far inside of him as he can.

Sweat drips from his forehead onto Billy and he's looking at Billy in *that way* again and—fuck—Billy wishes he had the strength to not shy away, but he doesn't so he closes his eyes, clenches around Steve's dick just to hear him hiss and curse and thrust back into Billy a few more times.

He pulls out. Lies next to Billy. Face pink and relaxed and *pretty*. Hair everywhere. Dick poking out of his jeans, still hard and slick with cum and lube. His clothes stick to him with sweat. His shirt is soaked in the front from Billy's dick, but he doesn't seem to notice or care. He's panting and staring up at the ceiling and it's only in this brief moment afterwards where Steve is somewhere else that Billy can really look at him and not hide.

But then Steve's eyes are back on him and Billy refuses to be caught, so he leans into him, cum and lube dripping from his ass onto the coats underneath, and slips Steve's dick into his mouth, tongue swirling around his head and keeps going until he's well into his throat with more inches of dick left out in the cold. Steve groans and twitches and writhes around and puts his hand in Billy's hair, but doesn't pull him off.

Billy is determined to suck that look right off his face.

5.

1985

It's nearly one in the morning. They're laying on the couch together, Billy squished between Steve and the cushions, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. Steve's got on his 'lazy' sweats and one of Billy's old Metallica shirts. It hangs off of him while being too short, it shows off his soft flat stomach Billy can't help but rub and pet at when he gets close enough.

They were watching Letterman and the volume has been turned to low, loud enough only to hear that they're talking, not what they're saying. Steve likes to watch it if he's still awake and tonight he is.

It's been one of those days where he's full of nervous energy, where he flinches at every little sound, where every light in the apartment has to be on and every door and window has to be locked no matter if it's summer and the apartment turns into an oven.

He's irritable and fussy. It had taken a lot of sweet talk from Billy to get him to stop pacing and watching the windows and to just *sit down*.

At one point Billy had thought he was the cause of this, that he'd knocked something loose in King Steve's head. He'd even tried to apologize once, but the words got stuck in his throat and his hands had started shaking, getting clammy. It had been years since he'd been so terrified at the possibility of being tossed out, at the truth of who he really is, and his dumb fucking tongue and dumb fucking mouth had screwed each other shut, but Steve had gotten it. Understood him. Kissed him on the lips and told him he isn't the reason for his '*bad days*.'

He never explained what those reasons were, though—Billy's never pushed, can't when he's got his own closet of '*never fucking ask*.' But the relief Billy had felt then had been immense and he had climbed onto Steve's lap and kissed him the whole damn afternoon, driven to turn Steve's bad day good.

Billy's arm is wrapped around him now and his hand is up Steve's

shirt, idly playing with one of his nipples. He has his face pressed into Steve's hair, just smelling him and nuzzling into the warmth on the backside of his neck. Steve's fidgeting. He can't sleep so Billy forces himself to stay awake too.

His hand goes from Steve's chest, down his stomach and slips into Steve's sweats. It starts out simple. Jerk Steve off. Calm him down. Hopefully he'll sleep. When Steve comes, he makes this soft sound. It's cute and sleepy and a little annoyed. Billy laughs when he hears it.

"Shut up." Steve says. His ears are turning red.

Billy keeps his hand on him. Steve is still hard and he waits only until Steve has caught his breath to move again, jerk him off one more time, his hand wet with cum, giving Steve an extra slick fist to fuck into.

He gets Steve to come three times and by the fourth Billy has pulled Steve's sweats down and has slicked him up with spit and fucked his way inside. He doesn't move. Let's all the tiny twitches of Steve strung out and over sensitive body do the work for him.

Steve has to get up early, some meeting. Billy has school. He has three tests. He knows he's going to *maybe* get an hour of sleep when he starts working Steve's dick again.

He doesn't know what number he's aiming for, but Steve has tears running down his red cheeks and one hand tugging at Billy's hair, his nails scratching at his scalp. Billy hasn't been pushed away yet, so he'll keep going.

"What do you want for dinner tomorrow?" Billy says just to get a reading on where Steve is.

It takes a minute, but Steve manages to grind out, "that french toast thing you make? The one you—" Billy rolls his hips and Steve lets out the lowest and longest groan yet that has Billy on the fine line of almost coming, "—the—the one you put in the oven."

Billy kisses him behind the ear. "Sure thing, babe."

Officially, Billy isn't living with Steve.

Steve's got a job with his dad's company and has his own apartment in the center of town after graduation. It's small and there's a weird mold in the corner of the bathroom that always grows back a few days after bleaching it and the only view is of the parking lot—which is fine with Billy because his camaro is there and it's the best damn view he could ever want.

Billy just sleeps over more times than not. Except he hasn't actually gone home in over three months. Steve has given him his own key with a little guitar keychain and got a parking space just for the camaro. When Steve painted the living room he asked Billy for his input on the color—they settle for a light green after two days of arguing and one awful moment where Billy thinks Steve was going to dump him. Billy's clothes are hanging in the closet mixed in with Steve's. Billy's records are shelved and touching Steve's questionable '*records.*' They eat breakfast and dinner together more than they don't and most nights fall asleep on the couch, Steve curled around Billy and drooling on his shoulder.

The kids think he's living with Steve though. It takes two solid weeks of Billy *always* being in Steve's apartment when they drop by and the kids—especially that little shit Dustin—glaring at him for something to eventually click in their tiny heads and for the huddled up whispering to start for them to get *it* and to get Steve and to get Billy and to get *Billy and Steve* before the glaring sort of fades away and is replaced with a mild and curious '*he likes you so I guess you can't be the worst? Somehow? Maybe?*'.

Billy doesn't waste much time wondering what the kids think of him. He's a piece of shit, but Steve likes his ass enough to keep him around. That's what Billy calls '*living the good life*' after seventeen years of hot garbage being shoved down his throat.

But Billy isn't pitching in for rent—not that Steve's ever asked once, the fucking idiot—and he's got two months left of high school before he graduates.

So he isn't living with Steve.

Steve is just too trusting and giving and Billy can't fucking help but force his way through the first door that opens for him that isn't just a shortcut to a worse hell than living with Neil.

And it's just *nice* being here. With Steve. Sleeping next to someone who he knows won't turn around and hurt him and who trusts him right back for some insane reason.

Just that thought circling around in his head—and it's been circling for a while—has Billy's heart racing, fucking *pounding* in his body, and he mouths between Steve's bunched up shoulders and quickens his hand, stops going for slow and drawn out—he needs to push Steve over again into that happy, fucked out headspace.

Billy's got his other arm wrapped around Steve's neck and chest, his hand tucked under his arm, holding Steve close to him when he comes for the fourth time. His long legs kick out, his foot hits the coffee table with a pained hiss from both of them, and he hides his face in the crook of Billy's elbow. Billy can fucking hear his teeth grinding together as his cock pulses dry in his hand and he bucks against him, the couch squeaks under them.

He's tense for such a long moment, his body clenching so tightly around Billy's dick, nearly making Billy come too and Billy thinks he might have broken him, but eventually he sags. Heaving and sweating and shaking against him.

He rubs Steve's stomach. Smears more cum and rubs it into his skin. In the morning Steve is going to freak out about how filthy the couch is and the carpet too and Billy will probably say something dumb, but offer to clean it up for him anyways.

"You think you can do one more for me, baby?" Billy says with honey in his voice. He doesn't think he'll last another round. Being inside of Steve is too much for him most of the time and Steve is overstimulated, fucking vibrating in anticipation.

"I—I have work in the morning." Steve says and his voice sounds like when Billy takes his time fucking his mouth.

"Does that mean you wanna go slower or faster?"

Steve doesn't respond, just twitches and tries to steady himself, his feet knocking and twisting around with Billy's. Finally his breath hitches and he nods looking over his shoulder at Billy. Heavy bags under watery eyes, but still up for the challenge.

"Faster." He says and Billy tightens his grip, let's go of Steve's dick to hold him around the waist and bucks his hips, sets a fast pace, lives for the soft, happy grunts Steve makes, the whimpers they turn into, and sets his sights on number five.

+ 1

1986

They're back in the Byers' house. It's not the first time Billy's been here since his and Steve's fight—Billy had been invited to Will's birthday along with Steve and it had been awkward for a long minute where Billy chewed at his lip and couldn't quite look anywhere near Steve before Steve had had enough, slapped his ass and asked if he wanted any cake.

His left arm's been a demo-dog's chew toy and the Upside Down is apparently a *thing* and sweet tiny Jane, who always asks for a hug and loves his homemade waffles, *can fuck shit up with her mind* and Steve—*his* Steve—knows how to kick ass and demolish monsters with *the* bat that's been in the BMW's trunk for forever that Steve has always refused to take out.

It's been a fucked up 24 hours and Steve's face is covered in dirt and there's a fucking twig planted vertical in his hair and Billy's lost half his blood to a plant-monster, but everyone's alive. *Steve* is alive.

Billy's arm is wrapped up and held together with gauze from the first-aid kit. Hopper is the one to do it, takes him into the bathroom and gives Billy his belt to bite on while he cleans the wound with Steve rubbing at his back, cooing in his ear.

The pain has leveled off into a dull sort of throbbing. Billy's felt worse. He doesn't make a sound, just grinds the leather between his

molars. Hears a distant ‘*whoa*’ from one of the kids—they’re all stacked up together, watching from the doorway and Steve doesn’t even look when he shuts the door on them to a chorus of disappointed groans.

All three of the Byers and Nancy empty out the fridge and they eat a celebratory ‘*we saved the world!*’ dinner that consists mainly of various casseroles, ice creams, and beer for everyone over fifteen. Billy has some trouble eating with his right hand and Steve, without hesitating, starts to feed him, which would be embarrassing and horrifying if Billy hadn’t just found out about another dimension and he wasn’t high off painkillers.

It’s the one time in Billy’s life where he doesn’t care if anyone is watching—it doesn’t matter. There’s no voice in the back of his head telling him to look out. That he’s being too queer. It’s quiet and all he can think of is how fucking beautiful Steve is with a polkadot bandaid on the bridge of his nose.

He hears Jane whisper ‘*so sweet*’ and that *does* get Billy hot in the face.

The adrenaline seems to leave everyone at once and Joyce is the one who starts directing people to bed. The girls will sleep in Jonathan’s room. Jonathan and the kids will camp out in the living room. Hopper will take the couch. Steve and Billy will take Will’s room—she says it just like that, like it’s normal and everyone gets to it except for Billy who can’t seem to move his dumb ass.

Will’s room has a tiny single bed. Billy looks at it and then at the closed door. There are people out there that know Steve and him are in here. That they’re going to sleep on the same bed. Together.

Fucking *wild*.

Billy can hear the others talking quietly, getting ready to sleep. Steve doesn’t say anything, just starts undressing Billy and then himself until they’re both down to their underwear. Steve’s hands are trembling the entire time and Billy knows he should say something. ‘*Monsters, huh? Man, that’s fucked up.*’

With his good hand, Billy holds Steve's wrist and pulls him into the small bed with him. It's a tight squeeze. Both their feet dangle off the end. Billy starts to laugh and then Steve grabs his face, calls him an '*asshole*,' and kisses him.

Billy's got one good hand, but makes the most of it. Runs it through Steve's hair, gets a fistful and tugs until Steve is on top of him between his spread thighs.

Steve can't seem to stop touching his face, kissing every inch, blubbering and trying not to, which just makes his face twist up in a weird way and makes Billy laugh more and Steve cry harder.

Billy can't handle that. He can handle multi-dimensional bullshit and monsters and chicks with superpowers, but he can't handle Steve crying for him.

"You're such a dork." Billy says, muffled against Steve's lips. Puts his hand on the back of Steve's head to keep him close—right here. Rolls his hips up to meet Steve's and they rut together—and this is easier than watching Steve crumble. This is something he knows he can do to make things better.

The bedsprings squeak under them. Steve is the longest line of hard cock and squishy emotional man on top of him. They don't stop kissing. Steve's tears get all over Billy's face. Billy's fucked up hand rests above their heads. His ankles hook together on Steve's lower back, urging him on, getting him to go harder until they both have soaked through briefs.

When Steve comes, Billy holds him tightly with both his arms and his legs locked around him like Steve will slip away if he doesn't. Steve whimpers and Billy kisses him, swallows the sounds he makes and stores them away inside of him and they're warm in his chest when he comes barely a second later.

They stay wrapped up together. Slowly they melt into the mattress. Steve rests his head on Billy's chest, ear pressed over his heart and Billy wonders if he can hear how loud it is, how it clenches and hurts and cries out and skips and wants so damn much.

Billy plays with Steve's hair, thinking of something he could say. The quiet settles over them. Someone is snoring. There's a whole world of monsters underneath the ground and Billy can't get himself to just *say it*.

"Steve, you gotta know," Billy says so quietly, voice barely a whisper over the blood rushing through his ears, "you gotta fucking know how I feel, right?"

Steve looks up at him. His eyes are puffy and still wet. He reaches up and brushes Billy's hair back.

"I do. I know." Steve looks at him like he's special and for once, just this once, Billy doesn't shy away. He looks right back and hopes Steve fucking gets it.

The plan had always been the day Billy turned eighteen he'd get into his camaro and drive. It didn't matter where. Ideally California. Maybe New York. Hell, Chicago even. Since his dad became *Neil* and his mom had died, this was just something he'd always known he had to do.

He graduated two months ago. He turned eighteen three weeks ago.

He's still in Hawkins.

"I love you too, Billy Hargrove." Steve kisses him. Sweet and soft and full of something that means everything.

Author's Note:

This was meant to be just a bit of smut that turned into a lot of smut with a touch of the feelings. If you want to say howdy and chit-chat about these boys, I'm on [tumblr](#)

The title is from Iron & Wine's 'In My Lady's House'